

NEW YORK CLIPPER

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OUT IN THE COLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

Out in the cold, with the wind from the Arctic
Ceaselessly blowing its blood-chilling breath,
Never the warmth of a smile of the Summer—
Ever the shadow of valley of death.

Snow on the meadow, and snow on the mountain,
Ice on the water, and ice on the land,
Pitiless Winter is raving and roaring—
Famine is waving his skeleton hand.

Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, without fagot or fire
To cheer or to brighten the desolate home,
Down in a cellar, or up in a garret,
Wearily, hopelessly, "God's children" roam.

Out in the cold.

Ice on the pavement, and ice on the fountain,
Snow on the sidewalk, and snow in the sky,
Friends of the storm are rejoicing and laughing,
While poverty falleth, uncared for to die.

Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, with rags whipping around them,
Braving the terrors of merciless night,
With moon as a crescent of ice hung above them,
And stars shining cheerless as frozen their light.

Out in the cold.

Frost on the pane and frost on their garments,
Ice-mist the breath that is blown around,
And the words that by purple lips feebly are faltered
Are frozen before the ear catches the sound.

Out in the cold.

Out in the cold seeking vainly for shelter,
In barrel and gutter a morsel of food,
Mingled together in communion unholy
The vile and the virtuous, the bad and the good.

Out in the cold.

Rime on the casements and rime on the shutters,
Sleet on the windows and sleet in the air,
Famished and freezing, sad poverty struggles,
Stricken by misery, bowed by despair.

Out in the cold.

Out in the cold with heart-strings that are breaking,
Seeking for bread but to find it a stone,
With snow for a covering, ice for a pillow,
The bed that of death, the last breath a moan.

Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, the last breath a moan,
Hail on the awnings and hail on the pavements,
Hail robbing with ice every shivering tree,
While as honeycomb frozen the crest of the billows.

Out in the cold.

As madly they sweep in from the shuddering sea,
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold for charity seeking,
Mocked by the glitter and stunned by the glow
That flashes from home where Dives defileth
The pinching of Winter and languis at the snow.

Out in the cold.

Ice in the eaves and ice in the gutter,
Cold in the garret and cold in the street,
As tinkle the icicles the music that stealth,
Bringing no life to his last numbing feet.

Out in the cold.

Out in the cold. There one thing he findeth,
Companions, who, like him, are crowding the
stone
Of the pavements, and better to perish among them
Than die in a garret or cellar alone!

Out in the cold.

Snow filling the crossings and blocking the highway,
Cold frosting the windows and weaving a shroud,
While the pleadings of poverty are lost in the echo
Of the laughter that comes from the lips of the crowd.

Out in the cold.

Out in the cold. May God in His mercy
Shield them and save them from want and from
Open to them the storehouse of plenty,
Melt in compassion the hearts hard as gold.

Out in the cold.

Snow on the meadow and snow on the mountain,
Ice on the water and ice on the land,
Father in Heaven, take them into Thy keeping,
Warm in the hollow of Thy mighty hand.

All out in the cold!

Out in the cold.

icient and clearly-de-
fined reason.

"Your father wants to
see you at once. He is
in room No. 15. He
wants you to hurry!"

exclaimed Ashman.
"All right," I growl-
ed. "I suppose I've
got to get up, but it's an
infernal shame that I
cannot be left to sleep
in the daytime, when
I'm up all night."

"You'll hurry down
stairs, then?" said Ash-
man.
"Yes," I replied, in
anything but a pleasant
tone of voice. I heard
Ashman's footsteps as
he hurried away from
my door. I arose sil-
ently, anathematizing
my ill-fortune.

I could find no rea-
son for this summons
from my father. That
something must have
gone quite wrong, so
wrong that he was
afraid to cope with the
emergency alone, I was
confident. As I dressed
I racked my brain, as
yet sluggish and mud-
dled from sleep, but
could find no solution
of the problem of my
awakening. Stupidly
pondering over that
vexatious question, I
hurried down stairs.

Going to Room No. 15,
I knocked upon the door.
"Come in!" respond-
ed my father from the
other side of the door.
I entered the room.
Only he and Ashman
were there.

"What's the matter?"
I asked, as I closed the
door behind me and
stepped into the room.
"Look!" replied my
father, pointing to the
bed.

I glanced in that di-
rection, and looked
upon the face of a dead
man. That dead man
was Raymond.

A sheet covered the
body up to the chin. Over the edge of this sheet
appeared the ghastly, pinched countenance,
the staring, sightless eyes and fallen jaw of
the prosperous and honored man of business. Then
his remark came back to me for the third time
—"for the matter of that, to die in."

So, after
all, my random conjecture had proved correct.
He had killed himself.

"How did he do it?" I asked of father.
"See," answered father, at the same time
throwing back the sheet. Raymond's night-
dress was only slightly stained with blood. A
dagger pierced his left side, directly over the
heart. The post-mortem examination disclosed
the fact that the blade of the weapon had pene-
trated the vital organ and had produced in-
stantaneous death. The fingers of the right
hand of the dead man clutched the hilt of the
dagger. I involuntarily made a movement to-
wards the body. "Do not disturb anything un-
til after the arrival of the authorities," inter-
posed my father.

I turned away and walked over to the open
window, faint with horror.

"That window was open when I broke into
the room," said Ashman. "I doubt if it was
closed during the night."

There was a knock upon the door.
"Who is there?" asked my father.
"The coronor and officers, sir," replied the
voice of the day-porter.

"Come in," said my father.
The representatives of the law entered. They
did their work rapidly. Before the close of the
next day it was a generally accepted fact that
Mr. Raymond had committed suicide; the
Coroner's Jury had rendered a verdict to that
effect, and relatives from Blanktown had taken
charge of the remains.

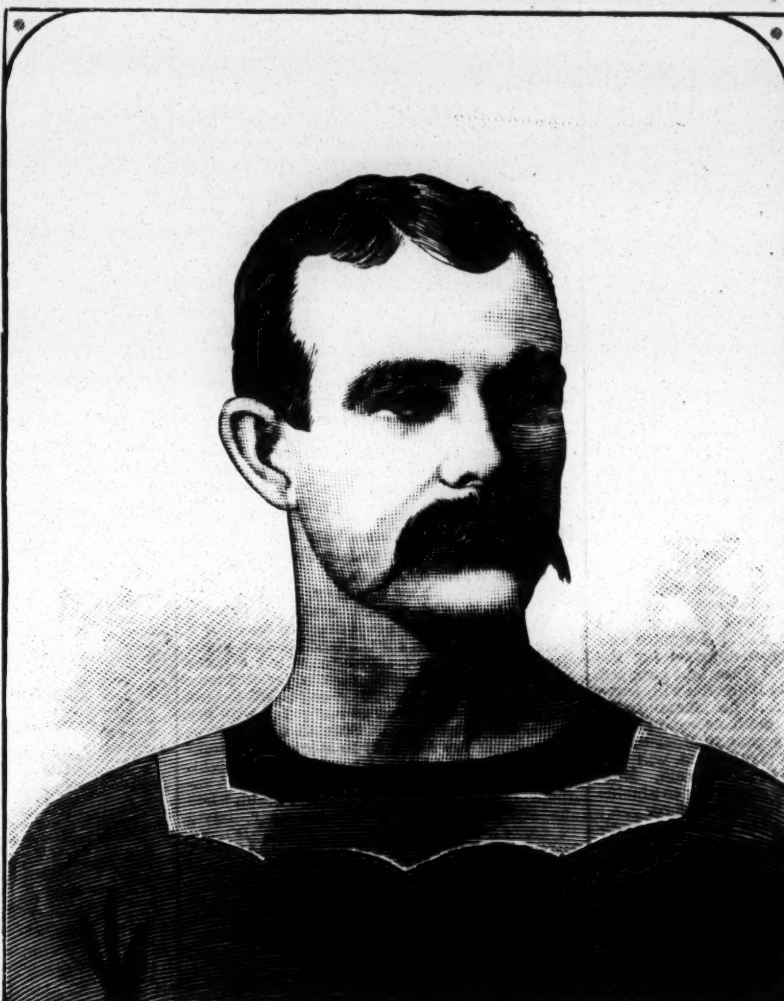
The reason given for his rash act was his
grief and disappointment at the dishonesty
and folly of his nephew, Frederick Bailey.

His lawyer, who was familiar with the details,
gave my father a history of the events which
had led up to the tragic ending of Mr. Ray-
mond's life.

For some months prior to his death, he had
been dissatisfied with his nephew's adminis-
tration of affairs at the New York office. Suspect-
ing that he was appropriating to his own use
funds which did not belong to him, Mr. Ray-
mond had him watched, and his books secretly
examined. His suspicions were confirmed.

The man, in whom he had placed implicit trust,
on whom he had looked as a son, and to whom
he had proposed to leave everything that he
possessed when he died, was a thief. His in-
dignation was so great, said his lawyer, that
but for one circumstance he would have dis-
regarded all ties of blood, and have legally
prosecuted his nephew. This circumstance
was the fact that Bailey was engaged to a
young lady in Blanktown, of whom Mr. Ray-
mond was very fond. Her father had done
him some great service when they were young
men together. For her sake he spared his
guilty nephew.

His visit to New York had been undertaken
for the purpose of remonstrating with Bailey
and, if he expressed sorrow, forgiving him.
His visit to the Colonnade Restaurant had
changed his plans. Late as the hour was, he
had found both the ladies and gentlemen's
dining-rooms filled. Feeling hungry and too



HUGH J. McCORMICK, SKATER AND OARSMAN.

tired to search for another restaurant, he en-
gaged one of their private supper-rooms—the
establishment was especially noted for that
branch of the business—and ordered his meal
to be served there. The room to which he
was assigned was a small one, adjoining an
other of larger size. A very jolly wine party,
of both sexes, were having a festive time in
this larger room. Their voices were loud.
Raymond could distinctly hear what they said.
Their remarks were also unguarded.

He paid little attention to them, however,
until his curiosity was aroused by hearing the
name of his nephew repeatedly spoken by both
male and female voices. He was being called
upon for a toast. One of the females of the
party requested him to repeat the funny one
about his uncle. Bailey yielded to their im-
pertunities, and amused them with a most out-
rageous lampoon upon his relative and bene-
fitor. Greatly enraged, Mr. Raymond left the
room in which he was sitting, with the inten-
tion of bursting in upon the unconscious revel-
ers. The door of their room was open, and he
gazed upon a spectacle. It nonplussed him to
such a degree that he could only stagger down-
stairs, and, paying for his untouched supper,
creep into the carriage and tell the driver to
take him back to the hotel. The sight which
prevented his surprising his disloyal nephew
was a view he obtained of that young gentle-
man, seated with his arm around a handsome
woman, whom he called Elise, and caressed
with maudlin fervor.

The letter which Mr. Raymond wrote on his
return to the hotel and addressed to Mr.
Bailey told the unworthy nephew how much
his wronged uncle knew about his career. It
also taxed him with his unfaithfulness to his
brother, and informed him that she should
know all. It also bade him go his own way,
and commanded him to never show his face at the
office again. It notified him that as soon as
his solicitor (the gentleman who told my father
all the circumstances of the affair) returned
from Boston there would be a new will made,
by which all of the large fortune, which would
have been his had he not proven so unworthy,
would be left to the young lady to whom he
had proven false.

Mr. Raymond's lawyer also told my father
that the letter which Bailey wrote to his uncle
in reply was defiant and insulting in the ex-
treme. The lawyer had returned to New York
from Boston sooner than he expected, and the
new will had been duly drawn up, signed and
witnessed the evening before the death of Mr.
Raymond.

Mr. Raymond had been very much depressed
when he parted from the lawyer on the last
night of his life. From different sources he
had learned many compromising things about
Bailey. The woman Elise, with whom he had
seen Bailey at the restaurant, was the propie-
tor of a private gambling establishment much
frequented by a small but wealthy circle of men
about town. Bailey's infatuation for her had
been noticed and commented upon by the
frequenters of her establishment, and Ray-
mond learned that his nephew had lost large
sums of money there. The books showed that
in a few months more the results would have
been disastrous to the Raymond Manufactur-
ing Co. These troubles, said the lawyer,

lost their money and lurked in her smiles at
the same time.

Possibly it would have attracted more notice
but for the transpiring of another startling
episode in this already sensational case.

Bailey committed suicide. During a slight
relaxation of vigilance on the part of his captors
he gained the rear platform of the car in which
they were at that moment crossing a railroad-
bridge which spanned one of the Western riv-
ers. Before they could prevent him he precipi-
tated himself headlong into the water beneath.
His body was recovered a few days afterwards
and taken in charge by the same relatives who
had buried Mr. Raymond.

From being regarded as the scene of a sad
suicide, the hotel came to be considered the
theatre of a revolting tragedy. Business fell
off. The regular boarders left until only two
or three remained. Alvarez was one of those
who did not desert us.

The Summer slowly waned until the latter
part of August rolled around.

On the twenty-first of that month, some-
where in the neighborhood of two A. M., I, feeling
restless, left my chair behind the counter, and
lighting the pipe which was my nightly com-
panion, commenced to stroll about the office.

In the course of my wanderings I drifted into
the rear portion of the room, in the vicinity of
the door which opened into the alley. I had a
habit of trying doors that I knew ought to be
locked, in order to see that they were perfectly
secure. I naturally took hold of the knob of
this door and turned it. The door opened.

"What does this mean, John?" I asked, turn-
ing to the night-porter, whose business it was
to see that everything was safe.

"I forgot it, sir," he replied, considerably dis-
concerted at my discovery.

I then proceeded to read him a lecture on
carelessness, at the conclusion of which I told
him to take his lantern and search the alley,
and then lock the door.

He proceeded to do so, and I resumed pacing
the office floor.

Suddenly he appeared in the doorway. His
face was pale and his knees knocked together.

"Oh, Mr. Bright, come here; come here
quick!" he cried in a voice tremulous with fear.

do you want there? Get away from that window
or I'll shoot. Do you hear?"

There was a loud cry, a revolution through
the air of a white body, and then a dull, sicken-
ing thud. The man who, a few seconds be-
fore, was swinging in mid-air, lay crushed and
senseless upon the stone pavement of the alley.

I sprang to his side. It was Alvarez. Invol-
untarily I looked at the rope. It dangled from
the window of his room.

It was the work of a very few moments to
arouse my father, obtain assistance and dis-
patch a messenger for a physician.

We carried Alvarez to a convenient apart-
ment and laid him upon a bed. When the doc-
tor arrived he examined the unconscious Cuban.

"He cannot recover," he said.
"Can he be restored to consciousness?" I asked.
"Yes," replied the physician.

After considerable persuasion the medical
man consented to apply restoratives to Alvarez.
He slowly revived. At first he refused to speak,
but the persuasions of a priest, for whom we
had sent, unsealed his lips.

It was a weird, impressive scene, one that I
cannot forget despite the years that have
elapsed since it occurred. I can see the room,
small and dimly lighted. Through the window
the gray dawn was visible. Upon the couch
lay the injured man, his olive skin turned to a
blotched and mottled saffron and his snaky eyes
glazing and dimming as he laboriously told a
terrible story. This is the tale he told:

"I killed Raymond," he said. "After seeing
him leave the office I went up to my room. I
had made all my preparations beforehand. Tying
a long rope to the leg of a heavy bed-
stead, upon which I piled all the furniture in
the room, I lowered myself out of my window
to the outside of Raymond's open window. I
crept through it, and, stealing up to his bed-
side, I stabbed him with the dagger found
ploring his heart. When I was sure that he
was dead, I twined his fingers around the hilt
of the dagger, and, going through the window
again, climbed up the rope, hand over hand, to
my room. I wore the rope coiled around my
body for two or three days, until after every-
body was satisfied that Raymond committed
suicide. Since then I have kept it in my room,
resolving every day to throw it away, but de-
ferred from doing so by some strange fascina-
tion. Why did I kill Raymond? To prevent
him from willing his fortune away from Fred
Bailey. Elise and I wanted that money. We
were partners in that gambling-house which
she was supposed to run alone. We had Bailey
so completely in our toils that it was only a
question of time before he gave us every cent
he had or could lay his hands on. Fred knew
nothing about it. His surprise when the officers
arrested him was genuine. I had all my trouble
for nothing. If I had only killed him a night
earlier—but I didn't. The whole transaction was
a mistake—it cost Fred his life, and I liked him,
Elise and I. Elise said that my killing Ray-
mond attracted attention to the business and
ruined it. She wouldn't have anything more to
do with me, gave me my share, and went away—
I don't know where. I suppose brooding over
my misfortune caused me to get up in my sleep,
fix that infernal rope and slide down to Ray-
mond's window. Who saw me—
you, eh? You shouted at me? Well, young
Bright, maybe you cheated the gallows of a—"

There was a sudden choking, a gasp, a shiver,
and the first beams of the rising sun, which
just then shone into the room, fell upon the face
of the dead assassin.

He was buried the next day in the Potter's
Field.

When the New Year came it found the Bright
House closed, and father and I wending our
way to the Land of the Setting Sun.

DEATH OF LAURA DON.

This event occurred at Greenwich, N. Y., on the
morning of Feb. 16. It had long been expected.
For the past few years she had been suffering from
consumption. For eight months she had been wait-
ing the end at her parents' home. It carried her
away painlessly and peacefully. Twenty years ago
or so, Annie Laura Fish lived in a little cottage at
Greenwich, Washington County, N. Y., with her
parents. She was born at Glen Falls in 1866, but
moved to Greenwich later. Her father was a wheel-
wright. At fifteen, the girl was earning her own
living. She had already more than a local reputa-
tion as an artist, and she went to work in a paint-
ing shop in Greenwich, painting flowers and other
ornaments on the ware. Soon she developed a taste
for portrait-painting. Occasionally she wrote little
sketches for newspapers and magazines. In 1886 she
went to Troy, and there she met George S. Fox,
a photographer. He detected the girl's genius and
encouraged it. She went to the artist Backus to
have her artistic taste developed. Her progress
was very rapid, and within a year she had painted
a portrait of a prominent man (Hon. David L. Rey-
mour), which gained her excellent commendation.
She and Fox were married in Troy in 1870, and for
a time they spent a happy domestic life, she assist-
ing him at his business. Yet she was not contented.
The stage had fascinated her. He protested against
her adoption of it, but her iron will would not give
way. It was then agreed by the two that they should
be separated by the law. Accordingly, Mrs. Fox
left the State and commenced an action for di-
vorce. No defense was made, it being stipu-
lated that either party could marry again after
a specified time. A year later the divorce was
granted. It was understood that she became Mrs.
T. E. Macdonough finally. At all events, in 1871,
under the name of Laura Don, she went on the stage—
first, in Philadelphia, as a member of Spalding,
Bidwell & Macdonough's Combination, we believe.
She was a member of the stock at the Cleveland, O.,
Academy of Music during 1873-4, and she played
about that time, also, with John E. Green. Later
she did leads at a Buffalo theatre, and afterwards
she traveled with Frank Mayo and Mrs. D. F. Bow-
ers. In 1877 she was leading-lady at McVicker's
Theatre, Chicago, Ill., making her first appearance
there March 5 of that year in "Lemonade." Touring
with E. L. Davenport and J. T. Raymond followed.
Nov. 25, 1880, she made her San Francisco de-
but at the Baldwin Theatre, as Anne Fielding
in "The Willow Copse." Then she profession-
ally visited Australia. Returning to California,
she supported W. R. Sheridan on a tour, and
then came back to New York. About this time
she conceived the idea of writing a play. It
did not come hard to her. A brilliant conversa-

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FREDERICK B. WARD accomplished his metropolitan debut as a star at the People's Theatre, Feb. 15, in "Virginia." The house was quite good, and it was extremely enthusiastic. The calls it accorded Mr. Ward were unusually numerous and noisy, even for a People's audience. There can be no question of Mr. Ward's marked progress in his profession. His Virginia is an able and intelligent impersonation of a most trying role. He does not, unhappily, escape from his old fault of overacting, and there is less of stateliness and repose about his Roman father than we could desire; then, too, he is frequently careless in his elocution—possibly a result of his long-continued and very hard work on the circuit. He is most effective in the expression of pathos, and we have seldom seen the scenes with Virginia given with truer sadness than was simulated by Mr. Ward. On the whole, his performance may easily be accounted strong and earnest. It will serve, at least, to make him a rare favorite with the theatre-goers, and it will repay thoughtful attention at this time, since Mr. Ward has ambitions which must certainly lead him to test several cities, and to make his name known to the people of the country. He is a most promising actor, and his Virginia is a most successful impersonation of a most trying role. He does not, unhappily, escape from his old fault of overacting, and there is less of stateliness and repose about his Roman father than we could desire; then, too, he is frequently careless in his elocution—possibly a result of his long-continued and very hard work on the circuit. He is most effective in the expression of pathos, and we have seldom seen the scenes with Virginia given with truer sadness than was simulated by Mr. Ward. On the whole, his performance may easily be accounted strong and earnest. It will serve, at least, to make him a rare favorite with the theatre-goers, and it will repay thoughtful attention at this time, since Mr. Ward has ambitions which must certainly lead him to test several cities, and to make his name known to the people of the country. He is a most promising actor, and his Virginia is a most successful impersonation of a most trying role.

MATTHEW GRAU returned to town Feb. 15. He says he will certainly play here at the Star, March 1-5. Then he will go to the large cities, and, after playing a return date here (April 5-9), he will go back to Paris.

"VALERIE," adapted from Sardou's "Fernande" by David Belasco, was acted for the first time at Wallack's on Feb. 15, to a large and enthusiastic audience. There was more of the brilliant and successful play than in any part of Mr. Belasco's drama, and this may have had something to do with the size and cordiality of the audience. The full cast was as follows: Sir Everard Chalmers, Kyrie Bell; Monsieur Xavier, Harry Ten Broeck; George Alfred, Betty; Ivan Shrivley, Dr. Rushon; Daniel Leeson; Robert, John Germon; Jameson, S. Du Bois; Helena Malcom, Sophie Eyre; Valerie du Bois, Annie Robe; Lady Betty, Mrs. Fonia; Julia Trevillian, Helen Russell; Agnes, Kate Hardisty; Walter Trevillian, Lester Walck. Mr. Wallack's role has been virtually built for him by the adapter, who otherwise has followed Sardou's lines with a discreet measure of closeness. The scene of the play has been changed from France to England, and there has been lifted out of it much of its original sin. We have already and many times told the story of "Valerie" and it is not necessary to refer at special length to Mr. Belasco's version. The young adapter's undeniable cleverness at stagecraft—a trick he taught himself years ago in "Friedrich"—has served him well in "Valerie." A number of effective scenes proved. Sophie Eyre, Annie Robe, Helen Russell and Mr. Wallack are to be credited with excellent work. It looks as if "Valerie" may run well at Wallack's for a time. We shall have to reserve more detailed comments until the first play of its name. Katie Mayhew some years ago produced a piece of that title in New Orleans. The author, Mrs. Marie Walsh of Brooklyn, is going to be satisfied with the permission of Messrs. Belasco and Wallack to make a play of the present "Valerie" for one of the New York weeklies.

"THE GIRL BARON," Johann Strauss' latest comic opera, originally sung Oct. 24 last at the Theatre au der Wein, Vienna, was heard for the first time in America Feb. 15, at the Casino. The libretto is founded on a novel of the Hungarian poet János Vajda. The cast is credited with the Angliation. The cast: Sander Barinkay, William Castle; Kalmann Zuppan, Francis Wilson; Count Carro, Wm. H. Fitzgerald; Josy, Alfred Klein; Count Homony, Ph. Moore; Pali, E. Hegge; Countess, Betty; Michael, J. Tibbels; Sam, Victoria Schilling; Czipsa, Mae St. John; Arsenia, Letitia Fritch; Mirabella, Georgie Dickson; Onokar, Billie Barlow; Bunko, Florence Bell; Sidi, Agnes Folsom; Ika, Rose Beaudet; Kalkina, Emma Hanley. As usual at the Casino, the play was superb. Pretty costumes, novel groupings and bright scenes went to make up a most picturesque ensemble. When the ear was not delighted by Strauss' characteristic melodies, the eye was seduced by Herr Conrad's stage-mountings; but Mr. Rosenfeld's production of the play was a masterpiece of the art of the opera. William Castle and Letitia Fritch, newcomers among Mr. Aronson's forces, scored successes. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Klein were funny in familiar ways, and Mrs. Schilling's vocalism was satisfying in the chief female role. All the other parts were well filled. "The Girl Baron" will have a long term at the Casino.

LONDON THEATRE.—The curtain rose afternoon of Feb. 15 on an audience which was only limited by the capacity of the house. Prof. E. Ait exhibited his art, played with good results, and the London was as entertaining as of yore in her male impersonations; Kellaw and Alton performed on the horizontal bars with ease and skill; Healey and Saunders gave evidence of their being adepts at dancing; John E. Henshaw, Wm. J. Conaway, and a warm welcome. "Jim Crow Alive" was the afterpiece, and was cast with John Hart, E. D. Gooding, Thomas O'Brien, J. E. Henshaw, W. J. Conaway and May Ten Brock. The fun was fast and furious. Week of 22 the Kennedy's Co.

FOURTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"Evangeline" celebrated the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its run Feb. 12. Appropriate souvenirs graced the occasion. Irene Vrona made her debut as Gabriel evening of 15 and Louise Montague assumed the part of Evangeline on the same evening. Both were successful.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Another strong bill is on this week, and the house evening of Feb. 15 was crowded at an early hour. Charles Moore introduced his school of educated dogs in their various acts; Harry Rogers, in his repertoire of songs, was well received; and the play "Pamela" by Frank introduced in their sketch many taking comedy hits, and their singing was a feature of their act; Charles and Carrie Moore made their first appearance at this theatre, and scored a hit in their act on the rollers. The drama was "Black Hawk," with Arizona Joe as the leading role. The piece is of the border order, and a'rounds in thrilling situations. The rifle-shooting of Arizona Joe is made a feature, and donkeys, dogs, horses and ponies are introduced. The piece was a decided go. Week of 22, "Two Nights in the House," with Horace Lewis leading; the specialty-people are the Four Shamrocks, Electric Three, Filson and Erol and Cuponi.

STAR THEATRE.—To-night, Feb. 16, is the last for the present of "Hernani" (on the 17th Mr. Barrett, upon the same stage whereon he achieved his first decided success, will revive "Francisco da Rimini," with which he will fill out the week; and on Washington's Birthday he will produce "Julius Caesar" in order to impersonate a role (Caesar) in which he has not been seen here in many years, but which his name has been inseparably associated with since the majestic productions of that tragedy at Booth's Theatre. When he leaves this city Mr. Barrett will work his way West. He will go to San Francisco May 3, and play one month.

DAILY THEATRE.—"She Would and She Would Not" is the bill Feb. 15-17. From 15 to 17, "The Country Girl" will be revived. With it "A Sudden Shower," a comedietta, will be done for the first time here. On 24 "Nancy & Co." will have its initial representation. It is an adaptation by Mr. German from the German.

FRED G. MARSH was served with a summons Feb. 15, in a suit for \$300.35, brought by a Western printing-house.

"THE MIKADO" prospers at the Standard. It will go back to the Fifth Avenue March 1.

Mr. Booth was seen as Macbeth at the Fifth Avenue Feb. 15. On 16 and 17 he plays "A New Way

to Pay Old Debts," 18, 19 and 20, "Richelieu." Next week—his bill—he will do "Poli's Revenge," "Richard III" (the Colley Cibber version) and "Julius Caesar."

P. S. GILMORE "passed in his checks" on Feb. 15. It was to the Parnell Fund that he did so. The amount was about \$6,000. This is a splendid financial result of the two concerts at Madison-square Garden on Feb. 14, for which Gilmore and his one hundred and fifty musicians did yeoman service for love. Capt. Williams, who has become somewhat of a figure since he was placed in command of his present police district, estimates at about \$15,000 persons were in the Garden last Sunday.

FRANK DUFFY, fifteen years old, went to prison Feb. 15 as a result of his inability to pay a fine of \$2, imposed by Justice Duffy as a penalty for trying to steal into the gallery of the London Theatre without a ticket.

MINER'S BOWERY THEATRE.—Evening of Feb. 15 the house was full at an early hour. The Howard Athenaeum Co. opened a return engagement. "Lodgers, Inventors, Dodgers," introduced A. H. Sheldon, J. R. Lewis, D. Roche, D. Pomer, Nellie Sanford and Louise Crotte. The sketch is an amusing one. Sheehan and Holmes won favor in their character impersonations and songs. Sweeney and Ryland excelled in Canticisms. Shaffer and Blakely amused in their latest, Hilda Thomas played everybody in her repertoire of ballads, and Vanl played unguessed in their "The House of the Living Dead." Sam Devere caught on easily with his lingo and songs. Sharpley and West were accorded a warm welcome. Pavilio and Ronallion appeared to advantage in their acrobatic act, and James P. Hoey was amusing in his specialty, "No Trespassing." served well its purpose as a vehicle to bring together the fun-makers of the company. Week of Feb. 22: Gilfort Bros., Three Majillions, Sheddman's dogs, Schroder Bros., Arthur and Jennie Dunn, Foster and Hughes and others.

TOWNY THEATRE.—Evening of Feb. 15 the company for the week opened to a fair-sized audience. Maggie Willett and Harry Thorne introduced themselves pleasantly in a neat sketch, W. A. Melville burlesqued "magic," Dick Morocco and Kittie Gardner were amusing in the "The Family," Jessie Cole made a hit in her songs and dances, her singing being particularly well done; Robert A. Hewlette proved himself to be a clever artist on the wire, Charles Raymond displayed skill in his phenomenal dancing, especially noticeable in his "The Pedicler"; Sam Devere was there in their musicalities. Tony Pastor was there, of course, and his songs went well; Morel to Bros. displayed strength and nerve in their novel act, William Carroll vocalized with good effect, his tempo keeping time to his tuneful melodies; and the Horseshoe Foot and new sketch, which went with vim. A short sketch ended the bill. Week of 22: American Four, Sisters Coulson, Oultie, Leroux and Wilton, Powers Bros., Eva Lester, Leonard and Mullen, W. A. Harbeck, Tony Pastor and others.

HARRY HARRIS' EIGHTH AVENUE THEATRE.—This establishment is booked for another week of properly, consequent upon the reappearance of Kernell's Own Company, composed of some of the best talent in the profession. Harry and John Kernell were quite up to the mark in their new sketch, their familiar act, and later on in the roaring afterpiece, "The Halfway House," while the other members of the troupe—Miss Lillian Markham, ballad-singer; Bryant and Saville, versatile musical performers; Harry La Rose on the revolving globe; Kate Hardisty, the "The Pedicler"; W. T. Bryant and Miss Lizzie Richmond, sketch-artists; the La Martine Bros. in gymnastic performances, and the Sisters Coulson, clever skipping-rope dancers from the sea—were, one and all, very effective in their specialties. Messrs. Huber, Kottel and West played a very amusing sketch, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Halten and Hart Feb. 22.

Mr. MORRIS THEATRE.—There was only a moderate-sized audience here Feb. 15, when Maud Granger and a very strong company opened for the week in "Cora." Miss Granger and E. Germaine received three curtain calls. "Cora" will be played every night and "Camille" Saturday matinee. There was a large house present 14 to hear Prof. Latham's lecture on "Ireland." Due 22, G. W. Thompson in "The Gold Ring."

"THE LEATHER PATCH," Edward Harrigan's three-act local comedy, was presented at the Park Monday evening, Feb. 15, for the first time on any stage. This was the complete cast: Jeremiah McCarthy, Edward Harrigan; Jefferson Putnam, John Wild; Caroline Hoyer, Caroline Hoyer; James F. Judge, Herman Doebler; Harry Fisher; Counselor Delancy, Wriggle, A. C. Moreland; Levy Hoyer, P. Goldrich; Jimmy the Kyd, Richard Quiller; Dennis McCarthy, George Kerrid; Doctor John Corcoran, William West; Joseph Levy, Joseph Levy; Alvin Grady, Alvin Grady; John Sparks; Joseph Levy, Mr. Engel; Aaron Levy, James McCullough; Geoghen, a horse driver, Charles Coffey; Mr. Doubler, Thomas Ray; Thomas Conroy, Geo. L. Stout; Robt. McKene, J. Davis; Officer Dunlap, Wm. Merritt; Saylor, Robert West; Joseph Levy, Joseph Levy; Alvin Grady, Alvin Grady; John Sparks; Joseph Levy, Mr. Engel; Aaron Levy, James McCullough; Geoghen, a horse driver, Charles Coffey; Mr. Doubler, Thomas Ray; Thomas Conroy, Geo. L. Stout; Robt. 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STAGE FACT AND LYRIC FANCY.

A GARNERING OF SANCTUM SWEETENINGS.

The sweet contralto voice of Albion, to which we made reference last week, has inspired Frank Powers of Detroit, Mich., to remind us tuncfully of

THE DEEP CONTRALTO VOICE.

The clear crescendo, rising, Of soprano note surprising, Rings out to us, apprising, That its owner must rejoice In the pride of its possession, Without thought of a concession To the sweetness of the mission Of the deep contralto voice. It asks for smiles and laughter, It echoes to the rather As if of joy the master Beyond choice; But its airy, bird-like trilling Has not the power of filling Mr. heart with peace, nor stilling, Like the deep contralto voice, For by its sweet beguiling Through tears I see the smiling Of the years whose pain, revealing, Stole out of life its joys; But those joys I now remember In the grandeur and the splendor, So rich and true and tender, Of your deep contralto voice.

To be successfully sarcastic, a mad ought to be encouraged. Yet ever since, in a withering mood, W. B. Gilbert turned over the Harpers' £10 royalty check to charity, an unappreciative American press has been jumping on him. It agrees that the niggardly amount, not the vast principal, enraged Mr. Gilbert. And now *The London Daily News* comes out as his apologist, and hopes Americans will excuse his lack of manners. American publishers and managers who have been and are using Mr. Gilbert's works without paying for them have agreed, like Poon-Bah, to "pocket the insult," but he is respectfully admonished not to do so again, and also to hurry up his Egyptian-opera libretto. We have use for it.

THE LATE MR. HENDERSON, who succeeded the more recently deceased Mr. Tibbys as the husband of Lydia Thompson, was not always easy to suit. He had more than one matrimonial misfit.

THE De Freece suit against Carl Rosa resulted in an exemplary verdict for the dramatic agent, the operatic manager having to pay the former the price of his admission-ticket and make a donation of one shilling to the Court. De Freece had paid for admission, like a man, and Carl Rosa, like a prudent manager, had refused to admit him. The Judge, who explained that he was following the settled law of England, ruled that theatrical management was purely a private business, yet it was also for the public interest that proprietors of places of amusement should be able to exclude applicants without giving any reason; but, if the admission-money was paid, it must be refunded. As to the shilling, he said that there would have been no damage in this case, had not the defendant admitted damage. It is, we will add, unwise to admit anything in Court. The man who wants \$50 damages, but is willing to take \$25 must sue for \$50,000 in order to get a verdict for \$250. He'll never get \$25 if he sues for only \$50.

ANNETTA GILLETTI was a good dancer in the days when good dancers were scarce. She is a good boarding-house keeper in the days when the G. B. H. K. is scarcer than ever the G. D. was. Baltimore is still her feeding-ground.

EDWIN BOOTH was soothfully criticised by some of the dailies for his performance of Iago at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Feb. 6. But there was really no need of their wasting space in an endeavor to show an artistic retrogression. There had been none. Mr. Booth is as good an actor as before. On that Saturday night he was indisposed. Shakespeare's lines were woefully out in consequence.

THE WINDSOR THEATRE, this city, is not by any means so capacious as has been represented. It was crowded on the opening night, and yet the money in the box-office was, we have been given to understand, but a little over \$1,000. An \$800 house ought to be big money for an ordinary night. The new house does not occupy the entire site of the old one, by any means. It is not so deep and wide, nor is the stage so large.

THE EARL OF CAIRNS, who was Lord Garrahy when Miss Fortescue sued him for breach of promise, has gone and engaged himself to an American beauty. Presumably, he will become one of us by-and-by. Yet it is severe on Fortescue. He was her main guy in the advertising line, and he ought not to have removed himself so quickly. The incident has lessened her value as an actress in most English eyes.

THAT'S a funny story Frank Bush tells of his friend Henry Gunther. Gunther was new at the business, and started Palm Garden when he didn't know the difference between a single turn and a bad serio-comic. Bush says he told "His Motzer" one day to get a three-sheet Hebrew poster for the billboard in front of the Garden, and that Gunther went to the printers and actually asked for "a Jew in three pieces." And then they "gagged" him as to which end he would take first.

It may be the press-agent's fable, and it may be solid truth, but they say that Stuart Robson not long ago was made an honorary member of the Cook County Democratic Club of Ohio. The other Dromio, Crane, is a Republican, and excuses himself on the ground that he had to be born so, as his mother could not get out of Massachusetts. There is no suspicion that either of the twain has ever been identified with the Prohibition Party.

LOUIE HURST, erstwhile of "electric-power" fame, is neither dead nor married, though the public have lost her. She is now a student in Shor's Female College, Rome, Ga. Some of the dollars we gave up to her she is now yielding to educate herself. With a classic edge on, she ought to give us another and even better magnetic roast two or three years hence.

AN EXCHANGE declares, and with an air of positiveness that seems to breathe defiance of contradiction, that "Mme. Modjeska prefers remaining a longer time in larger cities to traveling extensively." Strange woman, the Modjeska!

Across ought not to be able to tell first-class ghost-stories nowadays. They too often fail to see His Highness the Stalker. Here is a ghost-story we find in *The Commercial Advertiser*. It is very entertaining:

An old actor narrates an extraordinary occurrence which, he says, happened while he was a call-boy at the old Mobile Theatre. Years before that time, a very handsome leading-man and his wife were in the company. She was madly jealous of him without cause, and some one, in an anonymous letter, made her believe that her husband was in love with a lady then prominent in Alabama society, and that his passion was duly reciprocated. She determined in her rage to kill them both, and to kill him first. She waited until call for a part in which she was supposed to stab the character assumed by her liege. She stabbed him actually at the close of the play, and the curtain fell without the suspicion of anyone in the company or audience that the tragedy had been real. The murderer immediately returned from a window at the back of the theatre, and was never arrested. The poor fellow died in death in fifteen minutes. The crime created a commotion, particularly among the profession, being talked of for years. The theatre got the reputation of being haunted. It was said that, at certain hours, a ghastly figure, blood-stained, with a knife in its breast, was seen stalking about the stage. No night-watchman could be induced to stay in the house. Some of the watchmen declared they had witnessed the apparition others left the place without any reason. Manager Field was so much troubled about keeping a man in the position that he finally hired a German immigrant, just landed at the port, who could not speak a word of English. About two o'clock the next morning the policeman on the beat saw a pale man rush wildly out of the theatre, screaming in German: "My God, a murder has been committed here!" The actor swears to the truth of this, a very fair ghost story.

The capacity of this actor for swearing can be estimated when we add that the poor German ought not to have seen "a knife sticking in a man's breast," because a knife was not used; that the audience ought to have been unconscious of the real tragedy enacted as the curtain fell, because the Ghost was stricken down not upon the stage, but in his dressing-room; there was no "prominent Alabamian" in the case; the woman did not wait until she was cast for a part that called upon her to do mimic slaughter upon the stage; the piece was not a tragedy, being a one-act farce ("My Old Woman"), in which she played Victorine and the man (we speak thus because they had long lived apart) impersonated Col. Girouette; that the woman did not jump out of a window and escape; that she was for several years afterwards residing with the father of the Ghost, ultimately married again; that she was arrested; that she was actually tried; that she was positively acquitted; that the verdict of the jury was that the Ghost died a natural death, of heart-disease or apoplexy—we forget which—brought on by an altercation with the woman in the dressing-room. The remainder of this ghost-story is probably correct.

The woman was "English, you know," had tried to play herself off in Philadelphia as a daughter of Thomas S. Hamblin (as if he had not enough of his own to care for), and about 1859 she (calling herself Charlotte Hamblin) married the actor who died in 1842. In Mobile, as related, the pair had two or three children, which is why we do not give his name, although she probably changed their name when she married again. The idea that she had stabbed him resulted naturally from the knowledge that they were on bad terms, and it was supported by the fact that he had a hemorrhage when he fell.

THE love-lorn chorister who swallowed a fluid ounce of digitalis (and Chicago digitalis, at that) could scarcely have known that this drug—most uncertain in its action upon the heart, for which it is chiefly used—is also a powerful diuretic. Otherwise, when designing that he should be found a cold corpse, Arthur Percy would scarcely have taken so much as an ounce of it. We never before heard of an ounce going down a man's throat at once, but there has been a memorable case in which a doctor ordered half an ounce. The patient died. Yet he had not partaken of the more or less deadly exogenous shrub. In his discretion, the druggist refused to honor the prescription, which, without bearing any sign that the doctor "knew himself," called for an overdose. The patient had "jimmies," and his doctor maintained that the half-ounce of "Old Dig" would have saved him. Efforts were made to hold the druggist responsible for the death. The medical profession and the drug-stores were in battle-array, but the law sided with the discreet pharmacist. Apropos, a druggist on Fourth avenue, this city, is named Digitalis. He spells himself Fingerhut, which is German for foxglove, and that in turn is the English equivalent of the Latin botanical name digitalis.

PETRIE AND FISH will separate at the close of this season. They have been old companions-in-arms and feet (acrobatic song-and-dance), having been associated eleven years, and during that time visited twenty different countries.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is said to be a first-class cook. That may tickle her stomach, but it cannot help her voice. She should learn to swim. A good diva is worth \$25 a minute, whereas our best French cooks ask only that an hour.

THERE is nothing alarming in the announcement that Henry Bergh has written a play. He is an ardent theatre-goer, and his pen has already turned out more than one play. But it is also announced that he intends to read his latest to Rose Coghlan. And he president of the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. A. There is for him but one loophole. We have heard men maintain (on Friday usually) that tripe is not meat. Perhaps Mr. Bergh honestly believes that Miss Coghlan is not an animal.

In our business columns this week is the card of one who says that "a deaf and dumb man, twenty-one years old, wants to become a general agent." Maybe it is some part. Mimist who has f. and himself lost in a freshet.

This is very pretty. After A. Patti had aired one of her arias in the Lucien's Opera-house, ladies in the audience suddenly stood up in prompt, as it were, and fired white pigeons at her until she was actually in a state of environment, or at bird-like-birdie. What added more than anything else to the tenderness of this spontaneous tribute to genius was the touching coincidence that every one of the little white pigeons had no more than one little ribbon around its neck.

THE redoubtable Colonel Mapleson, last week, as represented or misrepresented, visited the office of *The Chicago News*. Robbed nearly altogether in the many personal decorations which constitute so large a part of his company's wardrobe, yet about him there was a one patch of nakedness, his Victoria Cross being missing. He was asked if he had lost it in coming upstairs. So leading a question should not have been put. The answer showed the Colonel to be a model of truthfulness, for it implied that the season's business had been both badly and sadly bad. He had left the cross in the custody of a New York friend of his, yelet Solomon Levy.

Those who attended the Mendelssohn Concert at the Grand Opera-house, Lafayette, Ind., were Feb. 9, amused at two bareheaded youths seated in the front row of the parquet, and who made themselves conspicuous by staring at Miss Edwards, the soprano. She gave them no returning smile, and this chilliness made them desperate. One scribbled a note and beckoned to an usher, who carried the scroled before the scene. The manager seized it as a centration, and buried in his pocket for future reference. The unfortunate ladies are students at Walsh College, Crawfordsville, Ind. Their parents are wealthy, which is why they themselves are inclined to be fast. On the 6th inst. they had heard Miss Edwards sing in Crawfordsville, and she made such an impression on them that they determined to form her acquaintance. They wrote her a letter. She ignored it. Then they followed her to Lafayette, and registered at the same hotel.

LONDON, Eng., is also enjoying an ornithological mania. Every dancer in "Aladdin" comes onto the stage bearing a perch, on which are one or more parrots or a cockatoo. As one set of bipeds dance, the other set open out their pretty wings. The dancing-girls are arrayed in all the tints of all the parrots, to say nothing of the fish-color and cream-white of the cockatoos. The spectacle is said to actually enchant the children in the audiences. As the bald-heads have failed to show any sign of exhilaration, it is surmised that they would prefer to see the dancers modeled after the frisky quirel.

ACCORDING to *The Detroit News*, Mary Anderson is "hardly so good an actress as when she left us to add the English public to her host of worshippers," "there are some points of superiority in her acting and reading which are more easily detected from the dress-circle and the topmost gallery than from the parquet or the proscenium," and "when emotion is to be expressed she chan s, or howls, or screams, or rattles off her words so rapidly as to be unintelligible." There are always two sides to a story, and we have, in brief, given Detroit's.

JOE COOK represents J. B. Polk. On his arrival in South Bend, Ind., last week, Mr. C. went to a hotel and handed his card to the clerk. The young man looked at it, then gazed upon Mr. Cook, and at last murmured: "I do not think that we want any; but wait a minute, and I will go and see the proprietor." The card bore the legend: "Joseph Cook, Agent for 'Mixed Pickles'."

"PLAIN BILL JONES" of Texas is a new freak exhibited at Forepaugh's Museum, Philadelphia, this week. Glass is his regular diet. He eats it plain and in fancy ways, but prefers bread and glass sandwiches.

SWORDSMANSHIP IN INDIA.

He was a fine-looking fellow in the prime of life. In one hand he held a very long double-edged sword, sharp at the point, and with edges like razor. With the other hand he held his little son, a child aged about six years. As soon as the usual preliminary ceremonies had been gone through, such as walking round and saluting to the commanding officer and principal guests, the father placed his little boy in the circle of the circle, with a small time (a kind of emblem) about twice the size of a walnut, under his heel. Then, taking up his hand a few feet from the child, he grasped firmly the hilt of the sword, and began brandishing the weapon rapidly in the air. The blade was thin and finely-tempered, so that it could be seen to quiver and undulate throughout its entire length as it flashed in the rays of the setting sun. Suddenly the muscles of the athlete might be seen to stiffen themselves; an instant's pause, then a sudden and lightning-like swoop, and the line under the boy's heel was safely severed. The child lay motionless on the ground. The spectators of the East, have often witnessed a performance equal to that which this havidar was wont to conclude his exhibition. The boy having taken up his position as before, a small open box, about the size of those we use for tooth powder, was placed on the ground near his little son. It was filled with a black powder called soorma, used by the natives for darkening the eyelashes. Round this little box, and about the boy's head, the sword was now made to play with redoubled velocity. The most daring of the most dazzling passes the weapon would dart to and fro, and the hand and the reappearance, steadily poised at the full stretch of the performer's arm, in front of the eyes of the child; then a sudden turn of the wrist, and a heavy dark line of powder was lying on the boy's lower eyelashes. The hand would be raised to the eye, the long sword. The same was then done to the other eye. This feat was performed weekly, always with undeviating success, and was certainly the most wonderful instance of nerve and steadiness that I ever witnessed.—*India and Tiger Hunting.*

AN INDIAN PRINCE'S BREEDING-FARM.

A Delhi correspondent of *The London Telegraph* gives the following interesting account of the habits and surroundings of the Maharajah's Rajput State of Uwar: "The riding-stallions inhabit a vast range of stabling, where every stall has affixed the name, age and pedigree of the occupant; while the mares are penned in a still larger enclosure, their coats and their heads being marked with a perfect equine paradise for comfort and solitude. As a result of this establishment, the cavalry of the Maharajah is magnificently mounted. Not far from the stables was the lane of mud-built pens, where the Lakhs in an unlimited number of animals were kept. The hunting leopards, very fine animals—were lazily stretched on charpays in the hot noonday; their cream-colored skins, with the black dots, and savage savage faces, making wonderful pictures under the sunlight. 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AQUATIC

COMING EVENTS.

YACHTING.

June 17—New York Club annual regatta.
July 17—Hull (Mass.) Club first championship race.
July 17—Beverly (Mass.) Club first championship regatta.
Marblehead.
July 31—Beverly (Mass.) Club second championship regatta.
Marblehead.
Aug. 7—Corryville Club (Boston) open regatta.
Aug. 14—Hull (Mass.) Club open regatta.
Aug. 14—Hull (Mass.) Club third championship regatta.
Nahant.
Aug. 21—Beverly (Mass.) Club open regatta. Marblehead.
Aug. 21—Beverly (Mass.) Club second championship race.
Sept. 11—Hull (Mass.) Club third championship race.
BOWING.
April 17—Oxford-Cambridge annual eight-oared race, England.

FRENCH INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.
During the week ending Feb. 6 meetings of the leading rowing clubs were held in Paris in order to make the necessary arrangements. The International Regatta was fixed for Sunday, May 23, at Neuilly-sur-Marne. In each of the five contests three prizes will be offered. The first race will be for pairs, with a prize of 1,000 francs and a half; first prize, value 200 francs; second race, junior four-oared galleys, about two miles—first prize, value 400 francs; third race, senior four-oared galleys, about two miles—first prize, value 500 francs; fourth race, junior sculls, on mile—first prize, value 100 francs. The great race of the day will be that in which eight-oared boats will compete for a first prize valued at 1,000 francs, with other prizes of varying value, over a course of about two miles and a half. The Committee of the Regatta of Paris have also fixed on May 23 for their grand regatta, a clash of events which is undoubtedly the most important of the season. It was remedied at a meeting of delegates from the leading French rowing clubs to have been held in Paris, Feb. 11.

NEW YORK YACET CLUB

The annual election of this club resulted in the selection of the following board of officers, several of those who had grown gray in the service having been retired, despite their candidacy for re-election on an opposition ticket: Commodore, Elbridge T. Gerry, steam-yacht *Eleucia*; vice, C. C. Haigh, schooner *Fraser*; treasurer, Hanson Bay, sloops *Althion*; secretary, John H. Bird; treasurer, F. W. Hurs; fleet-surgeon, Morris J. Asch, M. D.; member, John M. Wilson; regatta committee—Edward E. Chase, Frank T. Robinson and E. A. Willard. For the first time the regatta will be held on the club's \$1,000 cup for schooners and a \$500 one for sloops, to be raced for off Newport during the annual cruise. The offer was accepted. The date of the annual regatta was fixed for June 17.

—**ROUGHING IT.**—The schooner-yacht *Nirvana*, New York, Kenner master, belonging to Gen. H. W. Perkins, arrived at Nassau, N. P., Jan. 30, all hands well, after a very stormy and eventful voyage. She left Hampton Roads for Nassau on the 6th of January, encountered a heavy gale on the waters on the south by a series of heavy squalls, and, after a hard course, putting into Bermuda on the 13th short water, and with loss of flying jibboom, forward sail light and one of her two boats. She left Bermuda on the 18th, encountered more heavy weather, and, after a hard run, arrived in safety. She showed up good sailing qualities.

THE QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB elected the following officers at their tenth annual meeting, held the club-house, West Jersey Ferry, Camden, Feb. 10. Commodore, Charles E. Ellis, sloop Olga; vice, Thomas S. Manning, sloop Sunbeam; rear, Charles L. Wesson, sloop Ariel; president, Dr. William H. Vaillet, sloop William S. Hoffman; treasurer, Samuel P. Wright; assistant, Richard W. Kersaw, sloop Aurora; Rufus G. Wilkins; regatta committee—H. C. Funk, E. A. Hildebrandt, William J. Walker, Oswell McAllister and Robert M. Fitch Jr.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting of this club was held in Boston Feb. 9, at which it was decided to divide the sloops which heretofore constituted the first-class into two classes, the first being for sloops 75 ft. in length and over, and the second for sloops under 75 ft. The election resulted as follows: Commodore, Henry S. Hovey; vice, J. Forbes; rear, Wm. F. Weld; secretary, Edward Burgess; treasurer, Patrick T. Jackson Jr.; measurer, E. Burgess.

THE LANCHEON YACHT CLUB have elected the following officers: Commodore, W. S. Alley; vice, Charles A. Stevenson; rear, Gerard M. Barrett; secretary, W. H. Roome; treasurer, Eugene W. Quinn; measurer, J. H. Towler. The club has a time allowance used by the Seabonahata Club which was substituted for that formerly in use. The membership is 380, and the squadron is composed of 135 vessels.

THE EVERETT BOAT CLUB of East Boston, Mass. elected the following officers last week: President, F. M. McLaughlin; vice, J. J. Toohig; treasurer, J. Campbell; financial secretary, J. Hennessey; recording, William Hayes; captain, M. F. McLaughlin.

JAMES GRIFFIN, an aspiring sculler of Buffalo, N. Y., has challenged James A. Ten Eyck of W. Rodeo, Md., to row the mile for \$500 a side on a course and at a time to be mutually agreed upon. Quinsigamond on Decoration-day will probably be selected.

"JAKE" SCHMIDT of Tompkinsville, S. I., has been given a contract to build an open racing yacht. Conrad Roth of the Hudson River Y. C. Her sail will be made by Sawyer, the material used being a mixture of cotton and silk.

THE St. Augustine (Fla.) Yacht Club received

This annual banquet of the Shawmut Rowing Club was partaken of Feb. 10 in Boston. An unusually large number of guests who aided in the donation of the new flag were present.

The dimensions of the altered sloop *Gitanas* are: Length over all, 115ft.; on water-line, 97ft.; beam, 20ft. 6in.; depth of hold, 11ft. and 13ft.

The schooner Montauk, N. Y. Y. C., made the age from New York to Nassau, N. P., in seven days and half arriving Jan. 21. She has left Nassau bound for Jamaica.

The Alcorno Boat Club of Elizabeth, N. J., in building a new boat-house as soon as Spring opens. Prospects ahead look bright for this energetic association.

The trophies won by the unfortunate Arthur Newark, N. J., were recently levied upon in satisfaction of a judgment for debts.

C. L. HARK has been elected captain pro tem the Yale junior crew, who will at once enter upon their duties.

THE schooner *Nokomis*, W. P. Carroll, A. owner, has sailed from this port on a cruise to Indian waters.

THE Atlantic Yacht Club of Brooklyn has a membership of 208, with a fleet numbering 103 yachts.

THE yacht *Atalanta*, with Jay Gould and party on board, arrived at St. Kitts Jan. 24 from St. Thomas and on the 27th sailed for Guadalupe.

The proposed dates for the annual races at the American Yacht Club are July 15, 16, 17.

WALLACE ROSS and FRED PLAISTED do the races Rink, Toronto, Can., Feb. 18, 19, 20.

F. W. VANDERBILT's steam-yacht Vedette sailed on a pleasure trip to the South.

A LONG CHASE AFTER A FOX.—Abel Skidd, of Iliwan County, N. Y., hunter, started a fox near Martineville Feb. 2. It gave him an all-day's

and he failed to get a shot at it or a sight of it the next day he started it again, and chased it in the dark, still without seeing it. On Thursday it was on the bounds on it again. The trail led over the hills in the direction of Stevensville, and about 4 o'clock the hounds brought it to bay, and Skiddaway killed it. To his great surprise, it was a magnificent specimen of the black fox, the first of the kind has been seen in that county for a great years.

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N. Y.; Trenton, N. J.; Orono, Ky.; Houston, Minn.;
Springfield, Ocala and Rockport, Mo.; Weeping Water
and Western, Neb.; Burden, Atoka and Enterprise, Kas.;
Burr Oak, Mich.; Hiramston and Eastville, Ia.; Colby,
Wisc.; St. Augustine and De Land, Fla.; Cedarville, Wap-
akanta and Defiance, O.; Sprague, Washington Ter.;
New Madison-street Theatre, Chicago; Opera-house, Wat-
ford, Ont.

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our good townsfolk a most historic treat, in the en-
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powerful tragedy company of Shakespearean actors and
actresses. O'CONNOR is a cultured tragedian of the
classic school, and is original and CREATIVE with-
out DEMOCRAT, Palmyra, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1886.
O'CONNOR is a PHENOMENAL Hamlet, and the BEST
actor who ever appeared in Palmyra.—HENRY D. SAND-
ERS, Manager Opera-house.

The manager of the Opera-house, Palmyra, N. Y., says
O'CONNOR is the best actor who ever appeared in that
city.—CLIPPER, Feb. 6, 1886.
Year after year various theatrical troupes have ap-
peared before Clyde audiences. They have done passably
well, but they departed leaving a void in the public
heart. When it was announced a short time ago that
MR. JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR, the celebrated tragedian,
with a powerful company, would be here for one week,
commencing on Monday evening, Feb. 1, presenting the
most important Shakespearean tragedy, the public felt
that the void was to be filled. MR. O'CONNOR's first ap-
pearance was in Hamlet. The audience was large and
composed of the ELITE of Clyde. They were expecting
MUCH, but they were totally unprepared for the grand
and magnificent display of histrionic talent that burst
upon them for the first time in Clyde. Round after
round of applause showed the eminent tragedian how a
Clyde audience appreciated his wonderful powers. That
void was not only filled, but it was running over. On
Tuesday evening MR. O'CONNOR appeared as Othello.
This Wednesday evening, he will appear as Richelieu.
UNION AND ADVERTISER, Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1886.

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THE LITTLE FOUR.

Robert Watson, George Gilson,
Matthew and James Carroll.

SECOND YEAR IN ADONIS AT THE BIJOU OPERA-HOUSE, DOING THE MOST
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Monday evening, Feb. 15, THE MINSTREL KINGS' RETURN, A CEASARIAN
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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

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BENJAMIN GARNO, MANAGING EDITOR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

GLASS-HOUSE BILLIARDS.

Billiard arithmetic is hard to fathom. On Feb. 4, a gentleman who had proposed to back Vignaux against Schaefer refused to do so when Schaefer expressed himself ready for a game. The latter wanted the winner to "take all and pay all." The backer of Vignaux said that he meant "the usual business," which is an equal division of the gate-money. Yet on Feb. 9 he makes a match in which the winner is to take all and the loser to pay all. This requires him to pay about \$1,500 for the privilege of losing \$1,000 in stake-money. He is to give Vignaux \$500 if he wins, along with one-half the gate-money. The calculation upon which this purely commercial and thoroughly non-sporting affair is based is that the receipts will probably not be more than \$400 a night, or \$2,000 in all. If Vignaux's backer wins, Vignaux will get \$1,500 of the gate and stake together, thus leaving his backer \$1,500 as an offset to his chance to lose \$2,500 through backing a man against whom, if the match is level, the odds will be at least \$100 to \$80.

Rather than believe that there exists anybody liberal enough to theoretically bet \$2,500 against \$1,500, while, besides, taking the non-favorite for choice, we would not hesitate to credit that the billiard-table to be used in this match is to be put up at auction before a ball is struck. It is so reported. Furthermore, it is current that one side of this match is giving another kind of commercial twist to it by seeking, through it, to secure an engagement for three years at a salary of \$2,500 a year, or a split between \$1,200 and \$2,500. Indeed, if only half be true that is whispered in professional circles in regard to this game, no one of all the parties interested has any reason to be proud of his connection with it. The wonder ought not to be that men who in Chicago last November drew \$300 a night, and who ought to draw \$1,500 here, are expected to draw but \$400. Even two dollars and a half a night is too much for a match like this to draw. There has been *sub rosa* blackmailing in billiards for a half-dozen years. It has now come to open blackmail. Those only who have contended the former can now afford to stigmatize the latter as it deserves; but even they must recognize a sort of poetic justice in the fact that men who have heretofore paid for blackmailing are now having administered to them doses of their own medicine. They cannot murmur. Their houses are of glass.

CYCLING PROJECTS ABROAD.

English wheelmen are endeavoring to induce American amateur and professional cyclists to this year return the visits paid to our shores by foreign cracks during the past two seasons. An Anglo-American tournament is proposed by the North Shields Club, and an international tournament to include France, Germany and the Colonies is in contemplation by the Alexandra Park management, while numerous meetings at other points would doubtless afford our flyers and stayers plenty of opportunities to gain suitable reward for their pluck and prowess—provided they can pedal fast enough and long enough to show in front at the proper period. Commencing in the latter part of May, ample time will be allowed the visitors to fill their engagements abroad and return in season to compete at the big Autumn tournaments here. Wheeling is about the only branch of outdoor sports in which Americans have not a balance in their favor in the matter of international ventures, and if our English cousins will but emulate the example of the Springfield Bicycle Club in offering liberal inducements in the way of prizes, we doubt not that the States will be able to represent on the cinder tracks of the "tight little isle," and the bonds of friendship between the riders of the two countries be still more strongly cemented.

IT LOOKS AS IF the season was to close without any one of the annual ice-yachting fixtures having been decided. The continued mild weather and warm rain during the past week wasted the ice on the Hudson to such an extent that on Saturday it was deemed advisable to haul the medium-sized and heavier yachts of the fleet ashore at Poughkeepsie and New Hamburg, and during the operation several of the boats broke through. The ice loosened in some places during the following day, and it was predicted that, unless the weather turned exceedingly cold inside of forty-eight hours, the ice in front of Poughkeepsie would be on the move. Whether the moderately cold snap that is upon us as we go to press will have the desired restraining effect or not remains to be seen.

THE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.—A marked rise in temperature, followed by a deluging and continuous rain, prevented even the partial carrying out of the National Skating Association's programme for their initial amateur championship meeting, fixed for last week. The prolonged thaw ruined the ice everywhere in this vicinity, and has probably postponed until next Winter the anticipated interesting tests of speed, skill and endurance between the skaters of New York and the Dominion. The Canadian contingent were unable to remain here longer than Saturday, and they are not likely to return this season, even though afforded a chance to settle the question, which is doubtful.

EVAN LEWIS, the Western wrestler, having in his second encounter with the childlike and bland Matsuda Sorakichi, in Chicago on Monday, been denied the privilege of applying his favorite neck hug, had recourse to another method of conquering the Jap, which proved equally effective, while even more disastrous to the Oriental athlete. While tangled up together on the carpet Lewis seized his opponent's leg, and, giving it the double-twist over his own, dislocated the ankle and ended the match in short order.

It should strike most people that it is a sort of paradox to call a contest "international" when the "sins of war" on both sides are furnished by Americans, who seek to make

money out of it, regardless of what may befall their country. Such affairs may more properly be termed "Shin Fane."

ZUKERTORT vs. STEINITZ.

What Mr. Steinitz failed to do in this city he has fully made up for in St. Louis. In his games in New York it is now plainly apparent that he was in no proper physical form for playing up to his usual high standard, as The Chessmen claimed. Since he left the city, however, he has evidently put on his fighting form, and he is now "going in to win," as he did in his European tourney time and time again after an unsuccessful opening of a match. Only four games were played in St. Louis, and it is questionable if there would have been more than three but for the clock incident, which led to the drawn game.

The last game in St. Louis was undoubtedly the best exhibition of chess-strategy of the whole series, and it was especially a masterly reply to the attack known as the Queen's gambit, which is a favorite one with Zukertort. An analysis of the game shows Steinitz to have been at his very best in strategic combinations, and especially was his perception of his adversary's plans, and his success in thwarting them, noteworthy. The arrangements made by the St. Louis Chess and Checker Club, under the supervision of Max Judd and the other prominent members of the club, greatly added to the success of the meetings there. The contestants will resume play in New Orleans on Feb. 26, and the gentlemen of the New Orleans Chess, Checker and Whist Club will have the pleasure of witnessing the best part of the contest and the most games. The following moves of the last game of the St. Louis series, played Feb. 10, are appended:

White, Zukertort. Black, Steinitz.
1. P to Q 4. 16. R to K 4.
2. P to Q 4. 17. P to K 3.
3. Kt-K 3. 18. K-K 3.
4. Kt-K 3. 19. Q-Q 3.
5. P-K 3. 20. P-K 3.
6. P-K 3. 21. P-K 3.
7. P-K 3. 22. P-K 3.
8. P-K 3. 23. P-K 3.
9. P-K 3. 24. P-K 3.
10. P-K 3. 25. P-K 3.
11. P-K 3. 26. P-K 3.
12. P-K 3. 27. P-K 3.
13. P-K 3. 28. P-K 3.
14. P-K 3. 29. P-K 3.
15. P-K 3. 30. P-K 3.

The position of the game when Steinitz made his bold attack on Zukertort's Queen is shown in the appended diagram:

BLACK (Steinitz).



WHITE (Zukertort).
31. R to K 4. 32. R to K 5.
33. R to K 6. 34. R to K 7.
35. R to K 8. 36. R to K 9.
37. R to K 10. 38. R to K 11.
39. R to K 12. 40. R to K 13.
41. R to K 14. 42. R to K 15.
43. R to K 16. 44. R to K 17.
45. R to K 18. 46. R to K 19.
47. R to K 20. 48. R to K 21.
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"Standing room only" at the Grand last night.—DEMOCRAT, Feb. 10.
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FAT LADIES AND LONG-HAIRED LADIES

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OPERA-HOUSE, 50x100 ft. Stage, 24x50 ft. Scenery new; seated with chairs. Capacity, seven hundred; GROUND FLOOR. This is good show town. Correspondence solicited.

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He sneers at the Banjo. There is no music in it, he says. When the great Banjoists William A. Huntley and John H. Lee appear he puts on his coat to go out for a beer. "There is more in beer than there is in here," he says to himself. But just as he is moving his ponderous body from the seat the artists begin to play. He is "knocked silly." Our Cynic does not go out. He sits with gaping mouth and staring eyes, concentrating his ear to take in the harmony of the Stewart Banjos and Banjoists in the hands of these artists. After this he is always ready to swear that the Banjo is a first-class musical instrument when properly played. He admits that a Stewart Banjo is far different and vastly superior to any he has ever heard before. "The Banjo is not what it used to be," he says.

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This artist is well known as one of the finest Banjo players and vocalists before the public. He has been called "America's Classic Banjo-artist, Vocalist and Composer." This is a justly merited title and one worthy of him. He does not hesitate to make known his opinion about Banjos, etc. When asked, he declares that the S. S. Stewart Banjos are the best Banjos made in this or any other country.

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This gentleman is widely known among all enlightened banjoists as one of the best arrangers and most gifted composers living. Being a thorough harmonist, his music is universally recognized and acknowledged as almost perfection. He knows all chords like A, B, C, and young banjoists would do well to study his music, published by Stewart.

Mr. Lee endorses the Banjos made by S. S. STEWART as the best to be had anywhere.

R. S. STEWART—DEAR SIR: I am playing your Banjos on the stage, doing solos, and everybody says "what nice toned Banjos you have got." They say they are the best in the land. I am having a nice success with them. Yours, etc.

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This gentleman is too well known among professionals to need much praise by us. He was for many years a partner of Mr. J. C. Johnson, and the firm of Johnson and Powers have delighted thousands of amusement seekers. Mr. Powers is a splendid Banjo and Guitar player. On the Banjo he is an artist of the first rank. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing him play his STEWART BANJO say that the music is grand. Mr. Powers does not hesitate in giving his opinion in regard to these instruments, and pronounces them the best in the land.

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Stewart's Orchestra Banjo, Stewart's American Princess (Ladies' Banjo), Stewart's Model Banjo, Stewart's American Guitar-neck Banjo (for Guitar-players), Stewart's Little Wonder Mandolin Piccolo Banjo, Stewart's Universal Favorite Banjo, Stewart's Novelty Banjoist, and the latest improvement in Banjos—Stewart's Imperial Banjoist. Send to Stewart for his complete Illustrated Price-list and testimonials.

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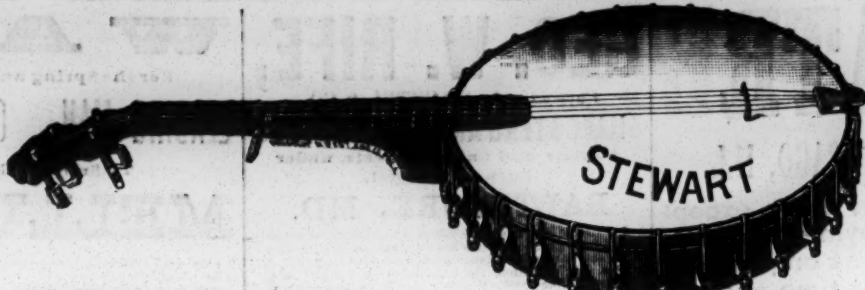
are great novelties. Get up a trio, quartette or sextette. But to succeed you do not want any "Tub Banjos." Keep them for the Rinks, where tub races are in order. If you want to make A HIT supply your club with STEWART'S LATEST IMPROVED BANJOS. Send to him for pamphlets containing complete information.

STEWART'S BANJOS

are manufactured in his own place in Philadelphia. Many so-called Banjo manufacturers have their Banjos manufactured by contract, and do not see them until after they are all done. Many different manufacturers, so called, have their Banjos made all in the same factory. They are all made by the same men but all stamped with different names. You pay according to the name that may be stamped upon the Banjo. You do not want a Banjo of that kind.

HE WANTED TO SELL IT.

At one of Huntley and Lee's Concerts recently a gentleman had what he considered a "Great Banjo" before the performance; he said he would never part with it, but after he heard STEWART'S BANJOS in the hands of these artists he wanted to sell his old Banjo. It took a sudden drop in his estimation, but nobody would buy it.



"THE BEST BANJO."

All Banjo makers claim to make the "BEST BANJOS;" but it is one thing to claim a thing and quite another thing to prove your claim. Stewart enjoys the reputation of making the best Professional and Amateur Banjo in America, or any other country. He has no connection whatever with any person in England who makes a Banjo stamped "STEWART'S MODEL." The law allows inferior to impose upon the public by copying and imitating their superiors. In buying a Stewart Banjo take care to see that it is numbered. A record of numbers is kept at Stewart's office.

JEALOUS RIVALS.

It is not an uncommon thing for a small dealer (if not small in trade, small in mind) to obtain one of Stewart's Banjos which has been injured or damaged; and after putting on a poor head and strings keep it in bad shape to show to those who may inquire about STEWART'S BANJOS. This is a small trick. It never has worked to Stewart's disadvantage yet, but generally reacts upon the perpetrator.

INTERVIEW WITH HORACE WESTON, The World-renowned Banjoist.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Weston; I have heard so much about you that I have been anxious to see what kind of a man you were."

"Well; you see me now. I am a colored man—black skin and white heart; glad to see you as you are to see me."

"I believe you are an old hand at Banjo-playing, are you not? If not considered an impertinent question, how old a man are you?"

"I am sixty-one years old, sir, last birthday."

"You don't say so, I should never have taken you for a day older than fifty."

"That's my age, sir, and I have been playing the Banjo for upwards of thirty or thirty-five years. Before that I played on other stringed instruments, the guitar, violin, cello, also the trombone, accordion, piano, and also sung considerably."

"I declare! Really you have had quite an extended experience in the musical line. You certainly ought to know something about a Banjo by this time. I suppose you have used a great many different kinds of instruments in the Banjo line since you began playing?"

"Well, I should say I had. I have used about every kind of Banjo ever made in the country, and when I was in Europe in the years of 1873-74, I played on a great many English Banjos, but I consider them the worst of all I ever used."

"Then you have been to Europe; you seem to have had quite an extended experience as a traveler?"

"Yes, I have been to Europe and pretty much all over America, also. You must know I have played with a great many different troupes. The way I happened to go to Europe was that I was playing on the boat Plymouth Rock during the seasons of 76 and 77; and a part of 78, and I was transferred from the boat to the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination. Jarrett & Palmer were the proprietors, and I was under contract with them. The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination went to Europe in August, 1873, I believe. I am not quite positive about the dates, because all my papers are in New York, stored away."

"What kind of halls did you play in Europe?"

"The best theatres and halls only. We played in the Princess Theatre, Oxford street, London, Royal Aquarium Theatre, and others. In Germany I played in the largest theatres; also I played in the Italia Theatre, Breslau, made a big hit and got big money."

"Why, I had no idea you had played in Germany. You surprise me."

"Yes, sir, I played in Strauss' Theatre, Vienna, and then I went to Hamburg and to France. I made big hits in all those places, and returned home in 1880."

"Did you find much interest manifested in the Banjo during your European tour?"

"Well, sir, I should say so. I could have sold hundreds of high-priced Banjos if I had only had them with me."

"Who do you consider the best Banjo-maker in this country to-day?"

"I consider S. S. Stewart the best Banjo-maker in this or any other country. His Banjos are copied after more than any other maker's instruments."

"Did you use Stewart's Banjos during your European tour?"

"No, sir, I did not. At that time I did not know the Stewart instrument. It was immediately after my return home that I first met Mr. Stewart. He was not very extensively known at that time. It was E. M. Hall who first took me up and introduced me to Stewart. The first Banjo I had of Stewart's make was made for me in January, 1881. I am playing it yet, and have played it all over this country with Callender's Minstrels and other troupes."

"Do you like it better than any Banjo you previously used?"

"Yes, sir; most emphatically I do. The Stewart Banjos are the best made and most perfect toned instruments to be had anywhere, and are now universally used by all the best players."

"What size of Banjo do you prefer?"

"I like the large-sized Banjos best—the 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 13 inch rims; but that is only a matter of taste. You see I am a large man and like a large instrument; but that is no criterion to go by because some large men like small Banjos. It all depends upon a player's taste and what he is accustomed to. I have seen ladies who could play on a large Banjo, and others again who could scarcely manage a small one."

"Anybody who has an ear to hear can tell as soon as he hears a Stewart Banjo that it is better than any other. Just why this is so seems to be a private matter belonging to the manufacturer. These Banjos are louder for stroke playing with a thimble and carry better in a large hall, and not only that, but they play soft passages it seems as though the audience could distinguish the banjoing, while with all other Banjos I ever used the soft pianissimo passages would be entirely lost upon a great portion of the audience. Such Banjos might sound very well for heavy march playing, but were good for nothing else; whereas on Stewart's Banjos I can do almost anything."

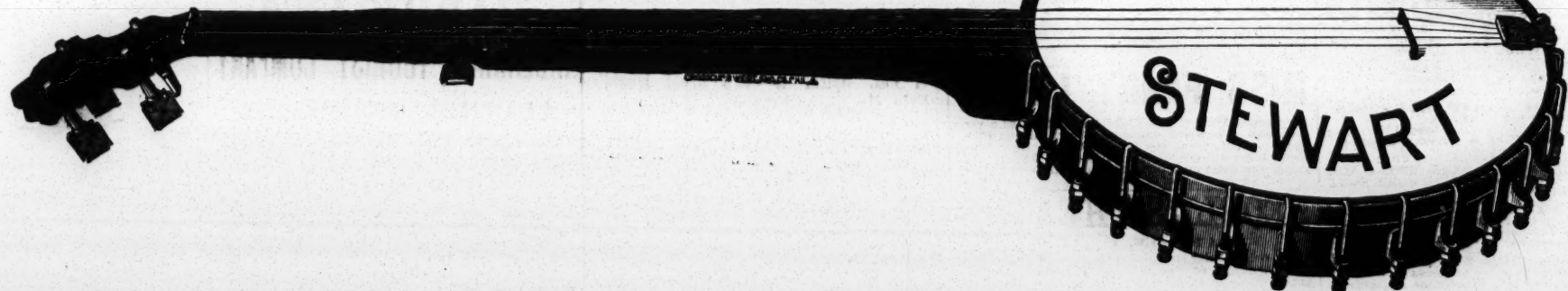
"Do you ever have any trouble with your Banjos?"

"Well, yes, sometimes. Once in a while a head will break, and that makes some trouble, and then again I get hold of some false strings, and that makes a Banjo sound badly."

"Are strings often false?"

"Yes, it is sometimes almost impossible to get perfectly true strings, and all players upon stringed instruments have to put up with same annoyance at times. But on a Banjo, on account of the strings being longer, there is more chance of a string being false than on a violin."

"Do not some dealers guarantee perfectly true strings?"



"Yes, I believe that them do so; but I have never found a bundle of strings where every string was true, nor do I know of any other performer who has had such luck. Stewart sells good strings—that is, he tries to keep a first-class lot of strings. You will get as good strings from Stewart as any where. He sells ten strings for \$1. He will send them to you by mail, postage free, on receipt of cash."

"Are not Raised Frets a recent invention on a Banjo?"

"No. Raised Frets were used on musical instruments before the Banjo was ever known of. They were used on the viol before time of the violin. They have been used upon instruments of the Guitar kind for centuries."

"But do not some Banjo players prefer frets?"

"Yes, I have met some players who do like the raised frets; and good players, too. It is all a matter of taste, and when it becomes an acquired taste it is hard to change."

"Where can I get full information concerning the Banjo business? I am greatly interested."

"You can get all the information you desire from S. S. STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL, and other pamphlets and circulars."

"Then there is a BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL published?"

"Certainly there is, and if you will send to S. S. Stewart he will mail you a copy free of charge. He also publishes a book of Banjo stories, which he will mail you free of charge if you mention THE N. Y. CLIPPER. Then if this does not tell you all you want to know you will have to write him a letter, enclosing a stamp for reply, and in that way you will learn all you want to know, and be able to buy a good Banjo without risk."

"I think I will subscribe to STEWART'S BANJO AND GUITAR JOURNAL. What is the price per year?"

"It is 50 cents per year; and you will receive a premium free of charge when you pay the 50 cents."

"Indeed! What kind of a premium?"

"The premium is a book called THE BANJO AND GUITAR MUSIC ALBUM. It contains a great variety of music, some is for the Banjo and some for the Guitar. It is really worth more than the charges for the JOURNAL for a whole year."

"Does Stewart publish music for the Banjo?"

"Oh, my, yes; he publishes all the choicest Banjo music—the best in the country. The music which is contained in THE JOURNAL, which he sends free as a sample, could not have been had before Stewart's day for less than TWO DOLLARS at least. It was Stewart who made a business of Banjo music publishing. When he went into it it was a comparatively unknown branch of the music business."

"Who writes Stewart's Banjo music?"

"Some of it is his own music, such as I play on the stage. Some is by Wm. A. Huntley, some by E. M. Hall and other players and teachers, and some is by Thomas J. Armstrong, but the most of it was written by Stewart himself."

"Then Stewart writes music, too, does he?"

"I do not think he writes any considerable quantity now, because he is too busy at other things, but he used to write a great deal. He knows all about Banjos and Banjo-music."

"Then do you think that if I write to Stewart I will be well suited in whatever I order from him?"

"Yes, sir, I do. Tell all your friends to write to Stewart for Banjos, music, books, strings, or anything they want in the Banjo line."

"What kind of a man is Stewart?"

"A first-class man, of course."

"Don't some people call him a crank?"

"Well, as to that, all smart men have been called cranks. They used to call Edison a crank, you know; but I'd rather be called a crank than to be called a d—n fool."

"Yes, you're right as to that—ignorant people can't understand what is beyond them; but does it ever worry Stewart to be called a crank?"

"Worry him! No, sir, it don't worry him any more than the cats do."

"Cats! What cats?"

"Why, one night when Stewart was sitting up late, writing music, the cat club came along and mounted the fence and began to serenade him. This was a little annoying, because it called his mind off of the melody or harmony he was writing; but he didn't open the window and swear at the cats, or throw out coal or bootjacks; he just raised the window and told the cats to go, and that was all about it—they all left."

"Great Jehovah! He must have a voice like a bull."

"No, it wasn't the voice that did it—it was electricity; he is full of it."

"Come, come, now, what are you giving me?"

"Oh, it's all true, I'm telling you; but I won't say anything more about that now. Perhaps he won't like it."

"Well, this interview has been very interesting, but I must go now. Come in and take some refreshment and then I must leave you."

"Do you like the place, adjourned to a convenient restaurant and there we will leave them."

MR. S. S. STEWART—

Dear Sir: I am now the possessor of eight Banjos of your manufacture, which is indisputable evidence of my high appreciation of their merits. I introduce the entire number nightly in my performance, and on each occasion become more and more satisfied that the S. S. STEWART BANJOS ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Special mention must be made of your latest novelty, the "Banjoist's Journal," which, though proportioned contrary to all preconceived ideas, is nevertheless a marvelous improvement in Banjo manufacture. This instrument possesses the acute tone of your "Little Wonder" Banjo, combined with the full vibratory resonance of your "Grand Orchestra." I consider it the greatest achievement in the progress of Banjo manufacture ever yet produced. When fully introduced, the "Banjoist's Journal" must rapidly supersede in general favor all heretofore known styles of the Banjo wherever introduced. This Banjo has attracted the attention of musical experts, and the verbal commendation it has received from them more than bears me out in my previous assertion, that the S. S. Stewart Banjos are the best in the world.

Respectfully yours,

WM. A. HUNTLEY, Proprietor Huntley's Concert Co. TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 23, 1883.

MR. S. S. STEWART—

Dear Sir: In conjunction with Mr. Huntley, I am nightly performing on Banjos of your manufacture, and fully endorse his opinion of them. I cannot conceive a possible improvement to be made upon the "Banjoist's Journal," possessing, as it does, the full, round tone of a large Banjo, with the facility for rapid execution to be attained only on a short-neck instrument. For parlor and stage playing it is the best instrument I have ever heard. No matter how often I hear it, it has the same sweet, satisfying tone.

The six-stringed Banjo of your manufacture, which I use in accompaniment-playing, is also a marvel in every particular. The workmanship, tone and the ready response the instrument gives to the lightest touch are gratifying qualities of this Banjo. Its loud, yet deep, full tones penetrate into all corners of the largest building wherein I have played this instrument. Since I have mastered the difficulties attendant upon the employment of the additional bass string, I have become infatuated with the instrument, and would not be without it for anything. Your make of Banjos consider the best, and are unequalled for all qualities that constitute a perfect instrument.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN H. LEE, Manager Huntley's Concert Co. NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1883.

The Banjo is the best Banjo I ever saw in my life. You cannot tell until you see and hear it now. It has got on it, and sounds just like a harp. Everybody speaks about this Banjo; its tone is so mellow and sweet. I put this Banjo against one they call the Dundberg, and beat it all to pieces. The man raffled the Dundberg two years ago for \$75, and the owner of it gave \$25 for his throw, and won the Banjo back. The owner of it is Mr. Stout, the late Jimmy Clark's partner; he says my Banjo beats anything he ever saw. Still remaining your old friend, HORACE WESTON.



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As this is the finest Printing ever sent out Free by any Banjo Manufacturer, saying nothing of the Music, which would have cost at least \$1 previous to my time, I will mail the same only to such persons as write their addresses plainly, and think enough of this offer to invest two cents for a postage stamp. If I should undertake to fill postal-card orders for the JOURNAL it would require at least two extra clerks. Address

S. S. Stewart.

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